

The Bamberg Herald

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BAMBERG, S. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1908

One Dollar a Year

OFFICERS WERE ACQUITTED.

Were Responsible for Conviction of a Number of Gamblers.

Union, Sept. 9.—Special detectives W. H. Hubbard and S. J. Sessions, who were arrested charged with gambling, had a no bill returned against them by the grand jury.

This arrest has created considerable interest in Union because it followed close upon the conviction of several persons while others plead guilty who were arrested as the result of a big gambling raid several weeks ago, which at the time produced a sensation or perhaps rather a sensation was caused by the arrests which followed the raid.

After one of the cases had been brought up and the person convicted, a warrant was sworn out by the father of the person implicated, charging these two officers with having gambled. This action was taken through higher court and under it comes naturally before the grand jury.

If a true bill had been found it would have to a very large degree nullified all the good reform work that has been done by Mayor L. L. Wagoner and Chief of Police J. H. Wilburn and his efficient force, but the action of the jurors in promptly throwing it out is good evidence of the work that is being done and the sentiment that is sustaining the city officials.

Cotton Crop Off a Million Bales.

Mr. Habersham King, of Newman, Ga., one of the leading and most reliable statisticians in the whole country, on reports regarding the cotton crop, issued a detailed circular report on the condition of the crop August 22nd. In Mr. King's conclusion he states that the third week in August shows a loss of one million bales of cotton from the present cotton crop, due to dry weather and shedding of squares, young bolls and premature opening. He further adds, "That all ideas now of a bumper crop must be given up."

Since his report, the worst rain storms in many years have occurred over the large areas of cotton lands in South Carolina and Georgia. The damage to the cotton crop in these sections has been enormous, and have therefore cut down the expectancy of yield up to August 25th very considerably. The constant and ever increasing crop damage reports which are weekly coming in to us from all parts of the cotton belt clearly indicate that the crop of 1908 cannot possibly reach the figures which the trade is generally expecting.

The probability of only a normal supply of raw cotton this season to meet the world's demand for the next twelve months, and fill the already depleted gaps in exhausted supplies, should not only tend to encourage farmers to stand for good prices, but should advance the price of cotton even in the face of "bearish" manipulation.

The efforts of foreign spinners, backed by speculation, to depress the price of spot cotton to 8 cents within the thirty days, will fail. There is absolutely nothing upon which to base a demand for such low prices, except the selfish greed of those who might be personally benefitted under such a contingency. The spinners can handle this crop at a very much higher price, and the growers should force them to pay it.—Cotton Journal.

They're All Like This.

A young and pretty school-teacher once asked her class for an original definition of the word "wife."

"A wife is a rib," said one little girl.

"Wives are guiding stars," said another.

"A comforter," said a third.

"An inspiration," said a fourth.

Altogether the definitions were rather prosy and commonplace, but finally a child of eleven, smiling archly, said:

"A wife is a person for a man to find fault with when things go wrong."

"Good!" cried the pretty teacher, laughing. "Good! That is the best definition of all, the best, the truest!"

But that afternoon on the way home from school the little girl whose definition had so pleased the teacher, tripped demurely up to the teacher and said:

"Are you going to marry that tall, handsome young man I see you with nearly every night?"

"Yes," said the teacher.

"Well, then, if my definition of a wife was true—"

"Ah, but dear, with us nothing will ever go wrong. He says so himself."

Man Swears Strange Oath.

New York, Sept. 9.—There was a strange oath taken in the night court last night when Fred Seucker, of Pleasantville, N. J., raised his right hand and faced Magistrate Corrigan.

"Do you swear before God not to kill yourself?" asked the magistrate. I do," answered Seucker. "You are discharged."

Seucker made threats to take his life earlier in the evening and was arrested. When arraigned in the night court, Seucker declared he had changed his mind, but Magistrate Corrigan required an oath that he would not carry out his threat of self-destruction.

An Irishman accosted a gentleman on the street, late at night, with a request for the time. The gentleman, suspecting that Pat wished to snatch his watch, gave him a stinging rap on the nose, with the remark, "It has just struck one!" "Begorra!" retorted Pat, "I'm damn glad I didn't ax yez an hour ago."

WILD BILL'S END.

Tragic Finish of Deadwood Man, a One-Time Marshal.

A number of Abilene people visited recently at Deadwood, S. Dak. They sought out the grave of J. B. Hickok, better known as "Wild Bill." He was the marshal of Abilene in the early days and a famous character. August 2, 1876, he was shot at Deadwood by Jack McCall. Edward Z. Kidd, who still lives at Deadwood, was an eyewitness to the killing, and he told this story of the tragedy, which is accepted as containing the exact details:

"I was at work wainscoting a hall on Main Street," said Kidd, "when Wild Bill came into the place with four other men and they seated themselves at a table in the center of the room. Bill had his back to the door. Unnoticed Jack McCall entered, and walking up to the bar which was not more than a couple of feet from the table where the group was sitting, sneaked out his Colt's from his hip pocket, and without a word of warning fired. The bullet entered Wild Bill's head and came out in the middle of his forehead, and glancing, struck one of the men at the table on the hand. Wild Bill's head struck the table, and a minute later he rolled to the floor. He died so quickly that he never knew or saw the man who shot him."

"Immediately after firing, McCall swung his gun around and commanded everybody to get out of the saloon, which they did without waiting. McCall stepped out into the street, swinging his Colt's about threateningly. After walking a block he attempted to jump on a horse which was standing near by. The saddle slipped, and seeing this method of escape was useless, he continued up the street."

"We yelled to some campers to stop him. They came up behind him with the bead of their rifles on him. He dashed into a butcher shop, where we captured him. When his gun was examined we discovered that he had but one shell, and he had killed Wild Bill with that one. A jury was gathered from the miners in the camp, but as there was no law, and some fear of taking the law into its hands, McCall was freed. He fled to Cheyenne, where he was later captured by the sheriff of Yankton. He was tried, convicted and hanged."

"McCall's plea at the trial was that Wild Bill had killed his brother in Texas, but no one was ever able to discover that McCall had a brother. The real reason for the assassination was that Bill had won McCall's money in a poker game the night before, and McCall swore at the time that he would get even."—Kansas City Journal.

A Reasonable Request.

The young man and the girl were standing outside the front door having a final chat after the evening call. He was leaning against the door post, talking in low tones. Presently the young lady looked around to discover her father in the doorway, clad in a dressing gown.

"Why, father, what in the world is the matter?" she inquired.

"John," said the father, addressing himself to the young man, "you know I have never complained about your staying late and I'm not going to complain of that now; but for goodness' sake stop leaning against the bell push and let the rest of the family get some sleep."—Chicago Journal.

A SURPRISED SWORDSMAN.

Judge Goffe's Play With a Bragging Fencing Master.

A fencing master appeared in Boston one winter in the seventeenth century and had erected a stage on which he strutted up and down at certain hours, defying any and all to engage in sword play with him.

After this had gone on for several days and the man's boasts had become insufferable, Judge William Goffe and Edward Whalley, the famous English political refugees, disguised themselves in rusty costumes and appeared before the alleged master. Goffe held in one hand a cheese wrapped in a napkin, which he used for a shield, and carried a mop which he had soaked in muddy water as he passed a puddle.

Thus equipped, the judge mounted the stage. The fencer rallied at him for his impudence, asking him what business he had there, and ordered him to be gone. The judge stood his ground. Then the gladiator made a pass at him with his sword to drive him off. The judge received the sword in his cheese and held it there until he had drawn the mop over the professor's face and smeared him with mud. Another plunge by the enraged maitre d'armes resulted similarly, this time the judge poking the mop into his eyes. This operation was repeated a third time.

Then the maddened fencing master dropped his ordinary sword and grabbed up a huge broadsword. Thereupon the judge said:

"Stop sir! Hitherto, you see, I have only played with you and not attempted to do you harm, but if you come at me with the broadsword, know that I will certainly take your life!"

The master was impressed by the firmness with which the judge spoke, for he dropped the point of his weapon and exclaimed: "Who can you be? You must be either Goffe, Whalley or the devil, for there was no other man in England that could beat me!"

New fall goods arriving daily at The Herald Book Store.

AN OLD-TIME TEXAS FEUD.

"Jaybirds" and Woodpeckers" Conducted War of Extermination.

"Feuds were once common in Texas, but they no longer flourish; the schoolmaster is abroad in the land, and our men now settle their differences amicably or in the Court House, instead of resorting to six-shooters and shotguns, as they did some years ago," said John C. Sullivan, a prominent young lawyer of San Antonio, who was educated at Rock Hill College, Ellicott City, Md., to an American representative at the Belvedere.

"The last great feud that Texas knew was a most lamentable and tragical affair, for it brought on the violent death of at least 500 people. Its scene was Fort Bend county, a rich region of the cotton belt, where the blacks outnumbered the whites in the proportion to 8 to 1."

"The trouble arose out of politics and the two opposing factions, known as the 'Jaybirds' and the 'Woodpeckers,' started in on a remorseless war of extermination. There were more of the 'Woodpeckers,' but their opponents were more determined and after several years of desperate and bloody battle the 'Woodpeckers' were so badly worsted that the gave up in despair and most of those who survived fled to other parts. Though at least ten of them were slain to every 'Jaybird' who lost his life, there were many of the dominant faction who bit the dust."

"In the town of Richmond, which is the county seat of Fort Bend, and not far from the railroad station, a marble shaft has been erected to commemorate the deeds of those of the 'Jaybird' faction that were killed. Several lines of eulogy proclaim the heroism of the dead. A recurrence of such desperate deeds is impossible in Texas to-day."—Baltimore American.

Negro Kills White Man.

Saluda, Sept. 14.—Emanuel Carver, a young white man about 30 years of age, living six miles south of Saluda, was shot and instantly killed this afternoon by Will Herrin, colored.

The killing took place in a field where he was picking cotton and the negro Herrin, who did the killing, it is claimed was of unsound mind. Herrin went to Carver's field and without warning or notice shot him down. Information received here is that after killing Carver he also tried to kill Carver's wife, who, it appears, fled the gun and saved herself from a was in the field. Mrs. Carver grabbed similar fate to that of her husband.

The negro was captured shortly afterwards by several gentlemen, who were forced to shoot him to effect his arrest. He received several wounds, but was carried to Saluda and placed in jail. He says he killed Mr. Carver about a buggy trade. He wanted to buy the buggy, and Carver asked too much for it.

Presidential Electors.

At a meeting of the State Democratic executive committee, held in Columbia last Tuesday night, the following were elected without opposition as presidential electors:

A large—T. B. Butler, of Gaffney, and R. H. Timmerman, of Batesburg. First district, J. D. Bivens, Dorchester; Second, C. C. Sims, Barnwell; Third, M. L. Bonham, Anderson; Fourth, T. B. Crews, Laurens; Fifth, S. W. Heath, Lancaster; Sixth, R. B. Scarborough, Horry; Seventh, T. H. Dreher, St. Matthews.

Cansler of Tirzah, who was defeated for railroad commissioner, appeared before the committee and asked for a recount by county chairmen throughout the State, and he claimed that such recount would result in his favor. He failed to show any good reason for his request, and it was refused.

J. E. Moore, defeated for Supervisor in Colleton county by J. O. Griffin, made a contest on the ground that Griffin had not filed a statement of expenses the day before the second primary. Griffin filed three statements of his expenses; one before the first primary, one just afterwards, and one after the second primary. This seemed to comply with the law and the rules of the party, and the State committee unanimously sustained the action of the county committee which had declared Griffin the nominee.

Color Line Drawn in Iowa.

Des Moines, Iowa, Sept. 12.—The Highland Park College of Des Moines has drawn the color line. This is the first Iowa educational institution to exclude negroes, and the action has caused resentment among the negroes in the State. The Negro Baptists' Association of Iowa and Nebraska in session here yesterday condemned the college's action and declared it the greatest setback the race has had in Iowa.

Farmers May Combine.

Columbia, Sept. 16.—The State executive committee of the Farmers' Union held a meeting here to-day, which was well attended, and the county presidents will be in session to-morrow. Several important matters are now under consideration, among them being a plan to merge the Southern Cotton Association and Farmers' Union.

Discovered.

She was a student at Vassar. While he was a Princeton man. And during the Newport season. They gathered a coat of tan. Which caused unlimited wonder; Knockers cried "What a disgrace!" For each of the fair was sunburned On opposite sides of the face.

HER FATAL CURIOSITY.

Girl Twists Her Neck Looking at a Hat.

A New York special says a new affliction, which several physicians tried vainly to diagnose, has come in the wake of the merry widow hats and sheath gowns. Its first victim was Miss Lillian Beck, a very pretty woman, who lives at Rockaway Beach. After leaving a group of friends in the afternoon, Miss Beck was strolling up the beach in the direction of her home. Her attention was attracted by a figure approaching, which seemed to be that of a woman walking beneath a parasol held close over her head. When the figure drew closer, Miss Beck saw that the object she had mistaken for a parasol was a merry widow hat, the largest and most gorgeous one it had ever been her fortune to see.

Like one fascinated, Miss Beck gazed, turning her head the while, until the great hat had passed out of her range of vision. She tried to turn her head back to look forward, and, to her great dismay, found that she could not move her head. It remained in the position of looking over her shoulder. At her home she met a storm of laughter at what they believed to be an affected attitude, but when she tearfully protested that she could not move her head, the matter was taken seriously and a physician was summoned.

The doctor was unable to offer any measure of relief or explain the nature of the case. Other physicians were called and finally a Japanese surgeon who graduated from Columbia. He too, was unable to diagnose the case, but as a last resort, gave a light treatment of jiu jitsu and was pleased to mark a favorable result. He will continue the treatment until the last trace of "rubberitis" has disappeared, but he has warned Miss Beck that she must be careful in the future and if necessary wear smoked glasses when she goes out if she cannot resist the temptation to twist her neck in her efforts to take in every detail of a hat as large as a merry-go-round.

A CLEVER THIEF.

Stole the Shoes and Thus Stuck His Man.

Harvey Lawson, who recently made an escape from the workhouse, where he had been sent for stealing junk, has been in times past accused of other thefts, says The Indianapolis News. One of the most notable of the stories related by his accusers is said to have been told to the grand jury by a second-hand dealer who complained that Lawson had stolen a pair of second-hand shoes from his store. "The scoundrel came into my shop and asked for a pair of shoes," the second-hand man is related to have told the grand jury. "I gave him several pairs to try on, and he at last found a pair which he said he liked pretty well. He walked around in them a little while and then asked me how much I would take for them. I said \$2. 'That's too much,' he said, 'you'll have to make them a little cheaper.' 'Can't,' said I. 'Why, man, I had to pay \$1.98 wholesale for them. 'Well, they're a little high, but I guess I'll take them,' he said. 'Can you change a \$20 bill?' 'No,' said I, 'but I can take the bill out and get it changed.' 'Never mind,' said he, 'I'll set 'em up. We'll get the change there.' 'All right,' I said, and like a fool I went with him. I took a cigar, and he told the barkeeper to take one on him. He had no sooner swallowed the beer than he doubled up with pain. 'Oh, oh,' he cried, 'excuse me for a minute till I go to the back door for some fresh air—I'm awfully sick.' 'What do you think, gentlemen? With my shoes on his feet and his old shoes under his arm, he ran to the back door, and that's the last I ever saw of him.' The second-hand man told his story in a pathetic tone and in broken English so amusing that by the time he had finished the grand jury were all smiling. The witness seemed a little bit hurt on account of their smiles, and he added: "Gentlemen, it was no joking matter—I had to pay for the drinks."

MURDER IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Young Girl Stabbed While Playing Hymn on Organ.

Charlotte, N. C., Sept. 13.—A special to The Observer from Newton says that a demoniacal murder was committed near that place this morning, when Miss Willie Bullinger, 19 years old, was stabbed to death by Lou Rader, aged 21. The girl was seated at the organ playing the closing hymn at Sunday-school when suddenly Rader leaped across several benches and with his pocket knife stabbed her once in the back and twice in the breast. She died almost instantly.

Rader was arrested and is now in the Newton jail. Some months ago he was committed to the State insane asylum and in his ravings often mentioned Miss Bullinger's name. Recently he was discharged from the hospital as cured. The deed was probably prompted by unrequited love and seems to have been well planned, as the knife used was bought new only yesterday.

In jail this afternoon Rader said he killed the girl "because she was a witch."

A simple-hearted and truly devout preacher, who had tasted but few of the drinks of the world, took dinner with a high-toned family, where a glass of milk punch was quietly set beside each plate. In silence and happiness this new Vicar of Wakefield quaffed his goblet, and then added, "Madam, you should daily thank God for such a cow."

SOUTH CAROLINA IS PARADISE.

Compared to Springfield, Says a Negro Who is Coming Back

At the Union depot Sunday afternoon, waiting for a train to Augusta, was a negro woman who was on her way to some point in South Carolina. While in the waiting room she fell to talking to some of the negroes in the room with her, and from the conversation it was learned that she was from Springfield and was returning to her old South Carolina home.

She said that seven years ago her people went to Springfield, because they had been assured that the negro was more respected in that section of the country, and had every right that white people had. The children went to the same schools, they ate in the same restaurants, and there were no Jim Crow cars, and that there was no distinction in anything on account of color. She says that to some extent they found this to be true, especially as to the mixed schools, but there was no real mixing of the races otherwise, and they kept to themselves. They found that while it might be understood that there was no distinction, and that the white women called a negro woman Mrs. So-and-So, there was no such thing as calling socially, and but for the fact that they were there and could not get away, they would have returned.

In the recent troubles at Springfield the negroes were treated worse by the whites than they ever were in the South and every negro who could sell out and move was leaving. This woman was threatened with whipping and her own family were compelled to leave. She does not know where they went, because in the confusion there was no stopping to hunt for kinkfos. She only knows that before the separation they all wanted to go back to South Carolina, and she was going there, knowing that if alive they will sooner or later meet her there.

She said that down South, in South Carolina, or elsewhere, the mob went after the one negro. In Springfield, they went after the whole bunch. In the South, she said, the negro had a good chance to live in safety and peace as anybody, so long as he behaved himself. In Springfield not only were they after the bad ones, but the good ones. No negro was safe, and she had noticed that this feeling against the negro was growing stronger and stronger every year. She predicts that in a very few years there will be separate schools for whites and negroes all over the West and North.

South Carolina was a paradise to the West, for the negro she said, but the fool negro didn't know it until he spent all his money getting away, as he couldn't get back.

One old negro woman sitting in the waiting room, who had been listening to the talk in silence, threw up her hands and rolled her eyes upward, and exclaimed: "Ain't dat the trufe."—Macon Telegraph.

WANTS CORN BREAD.

Senator Tillman, in London, Yearns for Home Delicacies.

Senator Tillman likes London very much, though he sighs in vain for the delicacies of the table of "down south."

"Young man," said the senator, "if you will only tell me where I can get some real corn meal in this town you will make me your debtor for life."

A friend who was standing near supplied the information and the senator was effusive in his thanks.

"Well, sir," he continued. "I've had a hard time to get something to eat over here. You know a man used all his life to our Southern cooking just naturally craves for something that has corn in it. I don't eat beef and I have the hardest time everywhere I've been trying to explain what I meant by 'breakfast bacon,' but as for corn bread and hominy grits, why, sir, I haven't been able to find a trace of them anywhere, so I just thought if I could only find somebody to tell me where I could get some corn meal I would take it to my stopping place and show the cook how to make a nice yellow pone of corn bread or an ashcake. Brompton road, did you say? I am certainly much obliged."

Sensors Aldrich and Tillman, who are warm personal friends, but who often measure swords in the senate chamber, met in Pall Mall. Naturally the recent death of Senator Allison came up.

"Allison makes the fourth of our elder statesmen to go within a year," remarked the Senator from South Carolina, referring to the fact that Allison, Pettus and Morgan were octogenarians and Proctor almost one.

"Yes, Tillman," replied his colleague from Rhode Island, "good men are getting pretty scarce in the senate. You and I had better take care of ourselves."

VERY LOW RATES

To Denver, Colorado and Return via Southern Railway.

On account of the annual convention, American Bankers Association, the Southern Railway announces attractive low round trip rates to Denver, Col. Tickets to be sold daily until September 30th, 1908, good to return leaving Denver not later than October 31st, 1908.

For rates, details, schedules, etc., apply to Southern Railway ticket agents, or,

Division Pass. Agt., J. L. MEEK, Charleston, S. C. Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Atlanta, Ga.

NOISELESS GUN AWES.

Official Tests Show Fearful Possibilities—Inaudible at 150 Feet.

Springfield, Mass., Aug. 29.—In the presence of a committee of United States army officials, Hiram Percy Maxim, the veteran inventor, to-day demonstrated beyond all doubt that the noiseless gun which he has contrived is a success. He proved during the tests held to-day in the armory and in the fields near North Wilbraham that his new gun can be fired within 150 feet of a person without detection by him.

To make clear to the minds of the officers the tremendous revolution which this gun would cause in warfare, Maxim utilized a little cricket which was found in a bush. The officers could hear the cricket chirp at a distance of fifty yards. And they heard it chirp even when the Maxim gun was fired.

Those present at the test, which was the official government one, were Mr. Maxim, Major Morton, Capt. Allen, Lieutenant Meals, Henry Southey, city engineer at Hartford, Conn., and six enlisted men.

The party went to the armory, where tests for penetration, noiselessness and accuracy were conducted. One of the soldiers, a crack shot with the rifle, fired the regular army gun several times, the explosions ringing out above the noises of the factory where Uncle Sam makes small arms. Then Maxim adjusted his "noise-killer" to the weapon.

The sharpshooter took aim at a target far down the yard and pulled the trigger. From the white plate, more than a hundred yards away, there came a sharp metallic ring. The bullet had ploughed into steel—but not a sound excepting a soft one, as of fingers snapping, came from the gun.

Then a slight hissing, so slight as to be hardly audible, was heard, and the officers looked at one another in bewilderment. The soldier who did the firing looked at the weapon in his hands and held it from him an instant, then laughed in a childish way.

The party adjourned to the fields. Forty regulation cartridges were given to the marksman. The officers posted themselves 2,000 yards from where the sharpshooter stood, and he was given the word to fire. Methodically he sped bullet after bullet into a distant target, each time the service gun emitting a roar that was audible 6,000 feet away in the village.

After Maxim adjusted the "noise killer," the soldier fired again and eight times he hit the target. All the time the officers were coming closer to him. They could hear the steel projectile smash against the target but nothing else. Finally, when within 150 feet of the soldier, they heard a faint sound. It was the hammer of the gun striking the cartridge. But they heard nothing more, nor did they see either smoke or fire coming from the weapon.

Not contented, Maxim invited the experts to the lake near North Wilbraham. One of the soldiers was posted across the water five hundred yards distant. A target was erected near a little booth he occupied. Eight times he heard the steel jacketed bullet plunge into and flatten on the disc but he heard no other sound although the place is a wilderness and even the low murmurs of the town do not penetrate it.

The officers made calculations and agree that the gun is 74 per cent. noiseless. It was a moody, cogitating group that returned to the armory late in the evening. The men bore no air of triumph. Each probably was thinking of the dreadful possibilities shut up in that little secret device which had been adjusted to the ordinary service guns.

An idea of the severity of the tests may be gained from the fact that 40 grains of smokeless powder were used in each cartridge, a charge capable of hurling a bullet more than 1,500 yards with fatal results.

Col. Brock Gets Evidence.

Bennettsville, Sept. 11.—Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General Brock was in Bennettsville to-day, taking testimony in the matter of the alleged use of shot by the regulars at Sullivan's Island during the encampment the past summer. He spent yesterday in Hartsville on the same mission.

The testimony will show beyond question that the cartridge had been tampered with by some one and that lead and bird shot were used.

Shot taken from the wounds were secured, and in one instance one unhealed wound was shown, in which the probe rested upon what was supposed to be a shot or small slug of lead. Owing to the depth this piece has never been removed.

It would seem that the great difficulty will come in placing guilt on the proper individuals, though the location of the soldiers at the time will shed light upon this phase of the matter.

Carlisle Fitting School.

The Carlisle Fitting School opened its doors Wednesday morning and began the session of 1908-'09. At twelve o'clock opening exercises were held in the auditorium and there were a number of ladies and business men of the town present to welcome the students.

The exercises were presided over by Head Master Hogan. Prayer was offered by Rev. T. G. Herbert, pastor of Trinity Methodist church. Some songs were rendered, and short addresses were made by J. Aldrich Wyman, Esq., H. M. Graham, Esq., and Rev. T. G. Herbert. Headmaster Hogan also spoke a few words. The students this year come from many counties, and the patronage embraces a larger section than usual.